MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR, THE

Monthly Collection

Of New TEACHING

SONGS,

(For the YEAR, 1700.)

Compos'd for, and Sung at the *THEATRES*, and other Publick Places.

WITH

An addition of *Two Part* SONGS; and a Thorough BASS to each Song, for the *Harpſichord*, *Spinett*, or *BASS-VIOL*.

Such Tunes as are not in the Compaſs of the *FLUTE*, are Tranſpos'd at the End of the Book.

For **September** and **October.**

Theſe Collections *for the Future, will be duly Publiſhed: Where you may be ſure to meet with the Neweſt and Beſt in each Month.* Price 6 *d.*

LONDON:

Printed by *W. Pearſon*, in *Red-Croſs-Alley* in *Jewin-ſtreet*, for *D. Browne*, at the *Black-Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, and *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; or at his Houſe in *Arundel-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, (where the Collections for the Year 99, are to be had, Bound, at 3 *s.* 6*d.* or Stitch'd, at 6 *d.* each.) and at moſt Bookſellers and Muſick-Shops in Town. 1700.

(421)

A SONG Sett by Mr. Berenclow.

TEll me Eccho, Eccho, tell me Eccho, tell me why? Tell me Eccho, Eccho tell me why?

Thus you ſooth me when I mourn, was the cruel *Cæ—lia* nigh, ſtill ſhe'd glo- - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ry in her ſcorn? You by chance, you by chance may tell my

pain, and perhaps her pitty, pit——ty move; tell her how I ſigh in vain, how I

ra- - - - - - - - - - - - - -ge and die for Love, then if ſhe'll no mercy, mer—cy ſhew;

tell her kindneſs, tell her, tell her kindneſs, kindneſs muſt de—ſtroy; all her

(422)

frowns, all he frowns will never, never, never do, I can on—ly, on—ly

yeild to Jo- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -y, yeild to Joy.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Rene Harris.

WHy *Clo—e?* Why *Clo—e*, will you not perceive the wounds

you give my Heart? Why like a ty—rant will you live re--gard-leſs of my Smart? my

ſighs, my ſighs have tir'd the pit—ty--ing plains; my groans, my groans, my groans have

fill'd the Groves, yet *Cloe*, yet *Cloe*, yet *Cloe* ſtill un—mov'd, ſtill un--—

—---mov'd, ſtill unmov'd remains; and Vows ſhe'll never, never, never never, never Love; and

Vows ſhe'll never, and Vows ſhe'll never, ſhe'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never,

ne--ver Love: But *Clo—e, Clo—---——e,* oh! - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - at length be taught, be taught re---fer--vedneſs is a Crime;

and if you can commit a fault, 'tis one, 'tis one to fool with Time; Old Age will come,

your Charms will waſt, your Beau- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ties will de--cay:

(42.4)

Then to Love's tend'reſt joys, then to Love's tend'reſt joy———

———s, Love's tend'reſt joys make haſt, be hap———————py

whilſt you may, then to Love's tend'reſt joys, then to Love's tend'reſt joys, then to Love's tend'reſt

joys, Love's tend'reſt joys, make haſt, be Hap—py, Hap—py whilſt you may;

then to Love's tend'reſt joys, then to Love's tend'reſt joy- - - - - - - - - - - -

——s, Love's tend'reſt joy———s make haſt.

(425)

A SONG Sett by Mr. Weldon, *Organeſt of New Colledge* Oxon.

IN—ſpire me Love to ra- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -iſe thee, thee I'de chuſe; In-
Inſpire me Love to ra- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -iſe me, thee I'de chuſe;
7 6
—ſpire me Love to ra- -iſe me, to ra—
In-ſpire me Love to ra- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -iſe, to ra- - - - - -

- - - - - - - - -iſe me, thee, thee, thee I'de chuſe a love——ly Miſtreſs, a love——ly
- - - - - - - -iſe me, thee, thee, thee, thee I'de chuſe; a love——ly Miſtreſs, a
Miſtreſs is the ſpri——ghtleſt Muſe; a love——ly Miſtreſs, a love——ly Miſtreſs, a
love——ly Miſtreſs is the ſprightleſt Muſe; a love——ly Miſtreſs, a love——ly

(426)

love——ly Miſtreſs is the ſpri- - - - - - - - - - - - -ghtleſt Muſe ; a

Miſtres is the ſpri- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ghtleſt Muſe; a love——ly Miſtreſs is the

love——ly Miſtreſs is the ſprightleſt Muſe: Then glowing Fires will fla- - - - - - - - - - - - -

ſpri- - - - - - - - - - - -ghtleſt Muſe: Then glowing fires will fla——-——

— — — — — —me, then glowing Fires will fla— — — — — —

— — — — —me, then glowing Fires will fla— — — — — — — — —

— — —me in ev——'ry line, one *Ve—nus,* one *Ve—nus*

— — —me in ev—'ry line; has mo————re pow'r, has

(127)

one *Ve-nus* has mo— — — — —re pow'r, than all the

mo— — —re pow'r, has mo— — —re pow———'r than all the

Nine; has mo———re pow'r, has mo———re pow-———'r than

Nine; one *Ve-nus,* one *Venus* has mo———re pow———'r than

all the Nine, has mo— — — —re pow-———'r than all the

all the Nine, one *Ve--nus* has mo———re pow———'r than all the

Nine, than all, all, all the Nine.

Nine, than all, all, all, all, all the Nine.

A Song Set by Mr. Jer. Clarke, *Sung by Mrs.* Erwin.

(428)

C*Elia* is ſoft, *Ce--lia* is

ſoft, ſhe's char- - - - -ming too, ſhe's char- - - - - - - - - - -ming, ſhe's char - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ming too; ſhe's Witty Fair and Young, her Eyes do ev-'ry

heart ſubdue; there's Mu- - - - - - - - - -ſick, there's Mu- - - - - - - - - - - -ſick, there's

Muſick in her Tongue: When e'er ſhe Sings, when e'er ſhe Sings, the

mel- - - - - - -ting ſounds, the mel- - - - - -ting ſounds di—-ſolve the hearers Heart, but

(429)

tho' the Nymphs per—fec—tion wounds, her kindneſs, her kindneſs, her kindneſs cures the

ſmart, her kindneſs, her kindneſs, her kindneſs cures the ſmart.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Courtivell.

Give me your Eyes, give me your Charms that go--ver'd are by Art, that can our

Beaus ſub-due, our Beaus ſub—due in ſwarms, tho' Beau--ty has no part:

—part. Since each af—fect—ed glance can move, bright Nature we'll deſpiſe, what

need of Mer—rit or of Love, to make a Fop your Prize. Give me your

(430

Eyes, give me your Charms that govern'd are by Art; that can our Beaus ſub-—

—due, our Beaus ſub--due in ſwarms, tho' Beau—ty has no part; we live in

ſuch a wretched, a wretched Age, what can our paſ—ſions move; Cowards and

Boys in fudes en—gage, and awk- - - - - - - - - - - - -ward fools make Love, and

awk———ward, and awk—ward Fools make Love, and awk———ward, and

awkward Fools make Love.

Song Tunes for the FLUTE.

(431)

Tell me Echo,

Celia *vis ſofi,*

FINIS.